

Part of Me Wants to be Everything You've Ever Dreamed by Luddleston

Series: [VLD Highschool AU \[3\]](#)

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Alternate Universe - High School, Anal Sex, Established Relationship, Lance cries during sex, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Allura (Voltron), Hunk (Voltron), Keith (Voltron), Lance (Voltron), Shay (Voltron)

Relationships: Keith/Lance (Voltron)

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-13

Updated: 2017-10-13

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:26:55

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 5,995

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Keith has never been to a school dance before. He'd probably feel less awkward if he had, but thank god his boyfriend knows what he's doing.

The afterparty's really the best part of prom, anyway.

Sequel to [C'mon and Dizzy Me Up](#) and [Wanna Feel Something Bigger Than Us](#)

Part of Me Wants to be Everything You've Ever Dreamed

Author's Note:

Anon on tumblr encouraged me to write things.

I wrote things.

And I also just dumped a bunch of my headcanons on it as possible.

Sorry for my unwieldy titles, I just wanted to continue the lyrics of the same song... and they had to go in order! Title(s) are from Shake Me Up by the Mowgli's which is my fav Klance song.

Keith fidgeted with his tie for the thousandth time. He'd only put it on an hour ago, and he already hated it, as predicted, but Lance had instructed him that he had to keep it on for pictures, and for their "dramatic entrance." Direct quote.

"Come here," Lance said, leaning over and adjusting Keith's tie for him. He smoothed down the collar of his dress shirt, and, once he was assured that Keith looked presentable, nodded to himself and patted Keith on the cheek. "You look amazing," he said, "even with the mullet."

"It's not a mullet, and I'm not cutting it off."

Lance just laughed and put his hand in Keith's, pulling him toward the sliding glass back doors and out onto the patio. In lieu of going out to a fancy restaurant none of them could afford, Lance and Keith were having dinner at Hunk's house with him, Shay, and all of their parents. Pidge was also there for the food. Which was understandable—the food was great.

It felt weird, being the only ones in formalwear when everyone else just had on jeans and T-shirts, and it felt weirder posing for pictures in front of the hedges on the front lawn. Lance hung off him like a model, posing for each shot differently, and he was making such ridiculous faces, Keith couldn't keep the smile off his face for long. Sure, the pictures were gonna be awful

later, but right now, Lance was telling him to pop his hip a little more and throwing himself into a fit of giggles when Keith tried it, immediately got embarrassed by it, and hid his face in Lance's shoulder.

Hunk and Shay were more poised, and neither of them tried to pick each other up for a picture, so that was already an improvement on Lance and Keith's photoshoot. They looked perfect together, both wearing sunflower-yellow and white. They were a little shy, but they were so sweet with each other, it had Keith wondering if Hunk had finally asked Shay to be his girlfriend after their four years of basically acting like a couple anyway.

"They're adorable," Lance sighed, leaning against Keith's side. "You're adorable, too."

Keith shoved his hands in his pockets and shouldered Lance off of him, because Lance's mom was watching them and looking like if they did anything remotely cute, she was going to take more pictures.

"Thanks," he said. He still never sounded like he was actually accepting a compliment. "You look..." Lance turned to face him, his blue eyes dazzling, and they matched his shirt, and *that's why he picked that color*, "you look beautiful."

Lance pulled him in for a kiss, and Keith was one hundred percent sure one of the moms was taking a picture of them.

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Keith had never been to a school dance.

Actually, that wasn't true. he had gone to one in middle school because Colleen was chaperoning and she thought he should go do something social, but he stood in the corner like a literal wallflower the whole time.

Point being, Keith didn't know how to dance.

Lance knew that, and so for the past few weeks leading up to prom, he'd been randomly blasting music when they hung out together, dragging Keith

out of his chair or off his bed and trying to dance with him. The first couple times, Keith stood still and refused to move, but Lance was nothing if not persistent. He eventually discovered that the dirtier he danced, the more comfortable Keith was about it, because Keith may not have known anything about dancing, but he knew plenty about sex with Lance. That was what happened, when your boyfriend had the code to get backstage in the auditorium after hours and had a kink for messing around in front of the wall of mirrors in the dressing room.

Keith wasn't sure if this was going to make dancing at prom easier or harder.

Keith knew how to move to a beat now, at least, but when Lance pulled him onto the dancefloor, he was lost in a sea of neon lights and people moving, and forgot everything he knew. This wasn't like swaying to quiet music from Lance's phone speakers in his bedroom, and it wasn't even like Lance cranking the sound up on his bluetooth speakers and showing Keith exactly how low he could drop it.

"Come on!" Lance called when Keith suddenly stopped moving on the edge of the dance floor, where there were a few groups of people standing and watching like him, not sure if they should move forward.

Keith shook his head to clear it and followed Lance right into the middle of the crowd, right where Lance wanted to be. As soon as they got there, the song ended and a slower one began, and Lance stepped up to him, until they were chest-to-chest, and put his hands on Keith's shoulders. "This is the easy part," he said, "you just put your hands on my hips and sway. Maybe turn in some circles."

Keith did as instructed, his hands settling on Lance's waist with less ease than usual. He felt like people were watching him, even though all the other couples he could see were engrossed in each other. "Relax," Lance said, "look at me, not at them."

"Doesn't this mean I'm supposed to be leading?" Keith asked. He was glad Lance was in his jacket still, and couldn't feel how sweaty Keith's palms were.

"Nah," Lance said, pulling him into a few steps to prove he could lead just fine. They mostly stayed within the same little circle of floor space, which was good. Keith could handle that. "Just means I've got your hands where I want them."

That surprised a laugh out of Keith, and he leaned forward, putting his forehead against Lance's. "Do you, now?"

"Course I do," Lance said. He was looking at Keith like there wasn't DJ's booth right in front of them, like there wasn't at least one of his ex-girlfriends here, like there weren't teachers chaperoning that they'd have to face in class Monday morning. Like it was just him and Keith, dancing in his bedroom. Like Keith was the only other person in the world.

The song slowed to a few piano chords of an ending, and Lance bent to kiss him. Keith wished he could've responded better, could've kissed him back, but he was never good at the romantic stuff when he was a ball of anxiety.

"Babe, I'm pretty sure dancing is supposed to make you less tense, not more," Lance said, squeezing his shoulder.

"I... just a second, come on." Keith took his hand, lacing his fingers with Lance's, tugging him toward the table they'd claimed as theirs, which had Hunk's jacket over one of the chairs and Shay's shoes under another one.

Lance shrugged off his own jacket, putting it over another chair, and he regarded Keith with a concerned kind of curiosity. Like he wanted to ask if Keith was alright, but he was waiting to time it right. "We don't have to dance all night, you know," he said.

Keith frowned. "But you want to." He took off his own jacket, and pulled at his tie to loosen it a little. "I just can't stop thinking about everyone else out there."

"And this is why you don't act, mister stage fright," Lance said, and he pressed himself against Keith's side, handing him a glass of water off the table. "Okay, look." He put his arm around Keith's waist, and nodded

toward the crowd. "You really think anyone at this high school prom knows how to dance at all?"

"You do," Keith pointed out, downing half the glass. It helped a little.

"Yeah, well, not everybody spent two years begging their mom to join their sister's dance class," Lance said. "Seriously, I know people say you shouldn't compare yourself to anybody, but if everyone else is as terrible as you are, what's the matter? Plus, in four months, we're going to go off to college and be the most awesome boyfriend-roommates ever, and none of them are even gonna remember what you danced like at prom."

"You keep forgetting we have a third roommate," Keith said.

"Hunk is a gracious boy who does not complain about me sitting all over you constantly."

"Good thing we won't live with Pidge."

"Til the next year," Lance said, and Keith laughed against the rim of his glass. "Hey! Cute smile."

"My face looks the same as always," Keith said, setting his glass back on the table. He'd probably mix it up with someone else's later. The only one you could tell apart was Shay's, because it had lipstick smudged on it.

"Yep, and it's always cute." Lance kissed him on the cheek, and it was such a familiar feeling, Keith forgot to be nervous. He turned his head to kiss Lance back, thinking how it felt weird to lay his hand on Lance's neck and feel a shirt collar there. "You wanna go back out there?" Lance asked, "or we could take a walk, or something." Their venue had a huge garden outside, which was probably very pretty in the daylight and probably very full of couples making out right now.

"Let's dance," Keith said, and Lance took his hand again, laughing to himself.

"You say that, and it sounds like a 1950s mobster asking for a fight. So serious."

"Maybe I do want to fight, you ever think about that?"

Lance was still laughing as he pulled Keith against him, already moving to the beat. Lance wasn't wrong—apparently, the average high-school senior's idea of dancing involved putting your butt all over someone, and Keith really couldn't do worse than that. It seemed especially ineffective when the girl doing the butt-dancing was wearing ten layers of tulle. Keith also wasn't wrong—Lance could absolutely dance, matching the beat even to songs he didn't know, singing along to the ones he did.

"Here, I'll make this real easy for you, now," Lance said, flipping around so Keith was facing his back. "Just put your hands on me."

"Like... how?" Keith asked, his hands barely resting on Lance's waist.

Lance tipped his head back so it was resting against Keith's shoulder, and so he was close enough to not have to shout over the music. "Like you normally do when I'm naked."

"Oh my god," Keith said, shaking his head, but he didn't have much time to think about how stupid this was, because he had his hands full of Lance, who was putting every girl in the room to shame with how well he could move his hips. Lance didn't even *have* hips, how the hell was he good at this? Keith didn't care, he just dropped his face to Lance's shoulder, running his hands down Lance's sides in tandem while Lance ground back against him.

After a few minutes of Lance apparently not getting what he wanted, he took Keith's hands, interlocking their fingers a little to guide him, and dragged them down his hip, over his thighs, back up his chest. If Keith had been doing that to a girl, it would've been *scandalous*, and, he supposed it wasn't any less when he was doing it to Lance. One of his hands loosed Lance's tie and popped open the first few buttons of his shirt, while his other traced over Lance's hips, barely skirting his crotch a couple times.

Lance turned in his arms and pulled on the end of Keith's tie, drawing him close enough that he had one of Lance's legs between his thighs. "You gotta cut that out," Keith said, after Lance unsubtly grabbed his ass.

"Why? Want me to save the dirty dancing for the afterparty?"

Did afterparties have dancing, too? Keith was fucked.

"No, because—damn it, Lance, it's sexy, cut it out."

"Hmm, that doesn't seem like a reason to cut it out," Lance sighed, but he did tone it down, keeping things to some gentle grinding instead of full-on groping. Keith got used to the motions, to the warmth of Lance's body through his shirt, to the sweet scent of the cologne he bought just for this.

When another slow song came on, and Lance immediately took that as an opportunity to twirl him, Keith just went with it, even though he kind of messed up the end and crashed into Lance a little. He got a kiss for his efforts, and then a series of them that lasted the whole song.

And he stopped caring if anybody watched them.

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They left for the afterparty separately from Hunk and Shay, who, as members of the student council, had to show up at the school-sanctioned afterparty, which would be, in Lance's words, "no fun."

"This is gonna be awesome," Lance said, folding up their jackets and setting them in the backseat. He'd gotten permission to borrow his mom's car for the night, which was good, because Keith might've punched Lance if he so much as suggested rolling up to prom in Blue.

"Uh, yeah, I guess it will be," Keith said, fiddling idly with his tie.

"You finally get to meet Allura!" Lance cheered. "She's my favorite coworker. So I'm only a little jealous that she has bigger muscles than me."

The fancy private school a few miles away from Garrison High, Altea Academy, had their prom the same night as Garrison's, which some people were upset about for reasons that didn't make sense to Keith. He was just fine with it, because Lance's friend Allura, who was a lifeguard at the same pool as Lance, had invited them to her afterparty at her castle of a house, and according to Lance, it was going to be amazing.

"I've been to one of her parties before," Lance said, "her parents totally just *let* her throw them as long as nobody breaks anything or drinks anything, and we cleans up the house afterward. And Allura is scary enough that nobody would break anything, and her parents never find out that somebody's been spiking the punch for years."

Keith made a mental note to avoid the punch.

"They have a pool," Lance continued, "with one of those fake waterfalls in it. *And* a hot tub. *And* a sauna. I brought your swimsuit, by the way. And, like, sweatpants and t-shirts and stuff."

"Oh, thank god."

"What, you actually thought we'd wear these all night?" he asked, pulling at his tie for emphasis.

"I dunno, I wouldn't put it past you," Keith said. He was sure Lance would be rolling his eyes if he didn't have to keep them on the road.

Allura's house was in the middle of this neighborhood of all historical houses that looked about ten thousand years old, but clearly, hers had been built after, because it was some modern design that might fly off into space at any minute.

"Holy shit, this place is huge," Keith said, as they rolled up to the gated driveway.

"I told you, man. Her dad's the president of some kind of science foundation that does stuff with NASA," Lance said. "She told me before, but I forget what it's called."

They parked on a loop in the driveway that seemed designed specifically for a ton of people to park, and Lance slung a duffel bag over his shoulder as they walked toward the house. The lights were on inside, and Keith could already hear music the closer they got, and once the door opened, it all spilled out at once.

The girl who answered the door was gorgeous, probably taller than Keith even without her heels, and she had dark skin and eyes that were almost as blue as Lance's. She wasn't in a prom dress, just a stylish black outfit, but she still had her hair done up, and she greeted them with a smile and a, "Lance! I thought I saw you!"

"Hey! You look great," Lance said, stepping up onto the porch to hug her, "Allura, this is my boyfriend, Keith."

She had a very firm handshake. "Hi! Lance talks about you a lot."

"Um, hi," Keith said, "nice to meet you."

"Come on in," Allura said, stepping aside so they could walk into the foyer. "I'm glad you two could make it!"

Once they were inside, the music didn't seem as loud. Thankfully, nobody was dancing, just hanging out, eating snacks and talking. Out the huge back windows, Keith could see the pool, or, more accurately, he could see a lot of water splashing out of the pool. Lance and Allura were talking, and Keith caught the tail end of the conversation, which was Allura saying, "you should take your stuff upstairs, it's the last door on the right."

"Cool, thanks," Lance said, and then, "c'mon, Keith, you can stop being fancy," he said, heading up the stairs like he knew where he was going. Changing out of the suit sounded good, so Keith followed, slowing down a little to look at the family pictures on the walls of the upstairs hallway. Allura's mom looked so much like her, Keith wouldn't have been able to tell them apart if the photo hadn't been dated 1990.

"So, are we staying the night here?" Keith asked.

"Yeah, Allura said we could borrow one of the guest rooms," Lance replied. One of the guest rooms. As in, multiple guest rooms. "A bunch of people are camping out in the basement, too... but I told Allura if we hung out down there, someone would tell us to get a room, anyway." Lance opened the last door on the right and dropped his duffel bag onto the bed. The room was decorated in somewhat plain blue and white, and looked almost like a hotel room.

"Does this mean we might actually get some sleep?" Keith asked, flopping onto the bed. He opened his eyes to Lance leaning over him, and got an off-center kiss.

"Nope. I have plans," Lance said, and then disappeared from above him. "Catch." He tossed a ball of something at Keith, and it turned out to be his clothes. When did Lance even grab these? It was one of his nicer pairs of sweats, one with an actual design on it, plus a T-shirt that he didn't usually wear because it was a size small and was a little tight on him (which Lance seemed to like).

When he was finally out of the stupid suit (never again) and comfy, he looked over at Lance, who was wearing a pair of running leggings and an oversized long-sleeved shirt. "Do you ever actually wear those running?" Keith asked.

"They're more for fashion," Lance said, stretching out his legs. "Hey, you wanna get some snacks? And go swimming? We should at least go swimming a little bit, right?"

"Snacks sound good, I guess."

"When do snacks not sound good, really?"

— — —

They didn't end up swimming, partly because there were too many people in the pool and Lance wouldn't have room to do any tricks and partly because they decided their time would be much better served by locking the door in the guest bedroom and making out against the wall. Keith liked

pushing Lance into walls—Lance liked Keith pushing him into walls even more.

Keith could still hear the music and people talking downstairs, so it felt like they weren't really alone, but Lance rolled his hips against Keith like they had an hour of guaranteed "nobody is in the house" time.

"You wanna go to bed?" Lance asked, and he wasn't talking about going to sleep.

"What? No! This is someone else's house," Keith hissed. "We can't have sex in someone else's bed!"

"Relax. Allura knows," Lance said, "she said as long as I put the sheets in the wash myself, she didn't care."

Keith did not want to know how that conversation went, but he wasn't putting it past Lance to just casually ask Allura if she cared if they had sex in her house. "Did you even bring—oh. You did," he said, when Lance dumped out the remaining contents of his bag, which involved condoms, lube, and also a little bag that was probably full of Lance's face-wash.

"I come prepared," Lance said. "That's my motto."

"That's the Boy Scouts' motto," Keith said. "Pick a new one."

"Shit! That's my only motto," Lance complained. He kicked the comforter off the bed, which was probably a good idea, and gestured for Keith to come over. Keith flopped onto the bed hard enough that he knocked Lance over with him, and Lance just laughed and went back to kissing him, one hand already pushing Keith's shirt up. Lance was warm, and the shirt he was wearing was soft, and Keith felt so comfortable laying there, just kissing him, that he almost forgot Lance had *plans*.

Lance hopped up and pulled his shirt off, giving Keith room to do the same. It took a bit longer for Keith, because Lance had grabbed this tight-ass shirt, but he eventually yanked it over his head, ruining any neatness he might've forced into his hair earlier that day. Keith curled his fingers in the waistband

of Lance's leggings to pull him closer, and gave him a look that was mostly eyebrows. "Are you not wearing underwear?" he asked.

"Nope."

Keith had an idea, and he wasn't sure how good of one it was going to be, but he was gonna try it anyways. He and Lance weren't the most sexually experienced people in the world, because neither of them could last long enough to try anything advanced. They mostly stuck to what they knew, because any time they got up to something, there was a time limit.

Tonight, though. Tonight, they could try something. Tonight, they had all the time in the world.

Keith grabbed Lance's ass and pulled him in close, then bent his head so he could mouth at Lance's cock through his leggings. They'd only messed around with oral a couple times, and it was mostly Lance on the giving end, because his number one sexual bragging point was that he didn't have a gag reflex. Neither of them had really found a good way to deal with the fact that *someone* always ended up with a mouthful-slash-faceful of come, and if they wanted to duck off to a bathroom, they ran the risk of running into someone.

Keith glanced up to gague where Lance was at, and didn't expect to see him with his hand over his mouth, eyes wide and face completely red. "What?"

"I just—you just—kind of went for it—I am never going to be able to wear these pants again, *damn it!*"

Keith took that as good enough motivation to continue, and this time, he opened his mouth a little, just enough that his breath was warming everything up—not that Lance wasn't already *plenty* heated. It was hard to figure out where everything was with just his mouth, so Keith slid a hand up the inside of Lance's thigh and over his crotch, mapping out the shape of him. He was already completely hard.

When Keith bent to kiss the head of Lance's cock through the thin fabric, he heard an honest-to-god *whine* from above him.

"You like it?"

"Fuck, yes, I like it," Lance said, his hips rolling so he pushed himself against Keith's mouth. "But, uh. I actually have ideas."

"Ideas?" Keith asked, moving back so he was looking Lance in the eyes instead of *definitely not his eyes*.

Lance straddled him on the bed and pushed his shoulders until he went backwards. "Yes, I have *ideas*," he said. "I wanna show you something. Damn, Keith, tell your eyebrows to settle down. I've been *researching*, it's fine."

"Not if 'researching' is a euphemism for watching a ton of porn," Keith said.

"It's not! I did actual research about science and, like, the anatomy of butts, mostly." Lance was sitting back on his lap, now, and Keith may have been having a little trouble following, because he was never good at conversation when Lance was sitting so close to his dick.

"What are you trying to tell me?" Keith asked.

Lance bent over him, and kissed him once, dragging away slow. "I'm telling you I want you to fuck me."

"Oh, no," Keith said, tumbling Lance off of him. "We tried that. Twice. You don't like it, and that's fine, but I want tonight to be *nice*."

"No, trust me, it's going to work this time," Lance protested, shoving at him.

"That's what you said last time."

Lance rolled on top of him again, but this time, it was more to pin him down than to seduce him. "Keith, I swear. I swear it's gonna work this time."

Keith blew out a sigh that ruffled Lance's hair. "Christ. If you want to go all the way, why don't you just let me be on the bottom?"

"*Because*, in all my fantasies about how it was gonna go when we do it after our senior prom, you're on top," Lance said, stretching out over him, like he was getting comfortable there. "You wanna hear about them?" His voice went deeper, like he was putting effort into sounding sexy. "I'll tell you what I thought about the first time I made it feel good."

"You've been... what, practicing?"

Lance took Keith's hands in his, and used it to pin them above his head, giving him room to grind down against Keith's dick. "Yeah, babe. Practice makes perfect, right? And I'm pretty damn near perfect at it, now."

Keith's moan turned into, "show me," and Lance let his hands go, so that Keith could pull his leggings down, and, yeah, he was wearing exactly nothing under there.

Keith thought tonight was going to end with him maybe making out with Lance somewhere, then passing out on someone's couch and waking up with a pain in the neck the next morning. He didn't think it'd end with him watching Lance fit three of his long fingers inside himself. From the way Lance was moaning and kissing him like he *had to*, he'd apparently gotten good at this. Keith was unbelievably hard; he had been since Lance had pulled off his sweats and his boxers and promised to rock his world.

Lance kissed him on the neck, like he'd forgotten about the whole sex part in the face of kissing Keith. He slipped his fingers out of his ass and wiped them off on the towel he'd brought in from the attached bathroom, and Keith was grateful both that Lance had thought of that before things got going, and that there was an attached bathroom. Allura had probably given them that room on purpose. Keith would have to thank her later. Or maybe that would be weird.

"Hey. You in there?" Lance asked.

"Just wondering whether it'd be weird to thank Allura for this," Keith said, because he knew it would make Lance laugh. It worked.

"I'll send her a card. But for now, you gotta catch up, baby," Lance said. Keith must've given him a sideways look, because Lance pushed a condom into his hand.

"Oh. Oh my god, are you... ready for that?" Keith asked.

"Mm-hm." Lance stroked Keith's dick from base to tip, and god, that made unwrapping a condom much more difficult than it should've been.

"Quit it, so I can actually put this on," Keith said, and Lance decided to play with himself instead, which made it almost as difficult as it would've been if he was still touching Keith, because he looked so good doing it. "Um, how are we doing this?" Keith asked, because everything was basically ready, there was just the *actions* left, and he was almost surprised when Lance didn't hesitate.

Lance got Keith sitting at the head of the bed, his back against a stack of pillows, and then he swung a long leg over Keith's lap. "According to my research—damn it. That's not sexy. Whatever. The internet says it's easier the first time if I ride you, because, you know, gravity."

Gravity. That made sense, although Keith really didn't want to think too much about physics when he had Lance's hand around his cock, because he was trying to shift himself into the right position to—

"Fuck," Keith said, hands squeezing Lance's hips, the reality hitting him twice as hard as it had before that *this was happening*.

"You ready?" Lance asked, and he must have been making a hell of a face if Lance was asking *him* if he was ready.

Keith nodded, then said, "yes."

Only then did Lance start sinking down on him, inch by torturous, wonderful inch, the breath punching out of his lungs. Keith had to consciously stop himself from grabbing Lance so tight he'd leave bruises, and instead, he ran his hands up and down Lance's thighs, repeating the

motion over and over. Lance dropped his head to his chest for a second, but Keith gently tilted it up, because he had to see his face.

Lance looked fine, gave him a smile that only wobbled a little. He looked alright, but not like he was having fun yet, so Keith decided to fix that. "You're amazing," he said, steadily pulling on Lance's cock, keeping his pace slow. Lance lifted up a little, changed the angle of his hips a fraction of an inch, then sank back down, his hands on Keith's shoulders to anchor himself. "I'm serious, you're so—*so good*, Lance."

"Hoped it would be, baby," he said, and, in one slow slide, Keith's cock was enveloped in a tight heat, like nothing he'd ever felt. He thought he might've moaned loud enough that they heard him downstairs. "*Oh, yeah*," Lance said, as he pulled back up, "that's it, that's—*holy fuck*, why did nobody tell me—"

"Tell you what?"

"How *good* this feels," Lance said, levering himself back down, and then he tipped his head back, shoved a hand over his mouth, because everybody in the damn neighborhood would've heard if he hadn't.

Keith pulled Lance in to kiss him, and Lance's thrusts got faster. They weren't even or steady, but Keith didn't care about Lance's sudden inability to follow a beat. Lance spent a long moment biting his lips, then scraping his teeth along his jawline. He tipped his head to the side so Keith could kiss his neck, and Keith left bruises because he knew Lance would want to see them in the morning.

"I have literally," Keith started, unable to get in a full sentence without Lance kissing him, "told you—" another kiss, "*—multiple times*."

"No," Lance said, "nothing you said was close—*ah!* close to how this feels, god *damn it*, Keith!" Well. It wasn't like Keith could really write novels on how good it felt to be fucked in the ass, but Lance looked like he was about to go and do just that. Not literally. Literally, he was twisting his hips up and down, fucking himself hard on Keith's cock, going even faster now.

"It's good for me, too," Keith said, which was an understatement.

It wasn't just good. It was the best thing he'd ever felt, Lance was the best thing he'd ever—Keith barely managed to get the words, "I love you," out of his throat before he came hard, hips jerking, pushing himself into Lance off-rhythm, his whole body shaking. He held onto Lance's hands on his shoulders, tipped his head against one of Lance's wrists, and if he could've gotten any air in his chest, he probably would have screamed.

It took him longer than usual to come back down, and when he did, he still had Lance in his lap, still gently circling his hips. "I gotta pull out," Keith said, "I just—"

"I know, god, Keith, I know what your O-face looks like—*shit-damn-fuck-everything*," he swore, as Keith pulled out. "Keith," Lance said, grabbing his wrist, "Keith, put your fingers in me, I'm so damn close."

Some kind of miracle of probability and of sexual ability must have happened there, because Keith pushed two fingers into him, curled them up, and somehow managed to hit his prostate on the first try. Lance buried his face in Keith's shoulder and Keith could feel his cock rubbing against his hip, could feel—

"Lance? Shit, are you okay?" He immediately froze, because there were tear tracks going down his shoulder.

"Yes, *fuck*, so okay, keep going."

"You're crying."

"I know, it's—it's good, I, *hah*, I swear." His voice was shaky, almost not there. Keith went slow, rubbing his hand in circles on Lance's back as he went, pretty sure this was *not good*, because his boyfriend was crying during sex, but Lance hadn't stopped frotting against his hip, and he could feel how close he was.

"Shh, it's okay, you're—I got you, baby, I've got you," Keith said, trying to keep the anxiety out of his voice. "It's alright, baby, I'm here, I got you."

Lance whispered a long string of, "yes, yes, *yes, fuck,*" and then yelled loud enough that Keith was glad they still had the music on downstairs. Especially since Lance had yelled his name.

As soon as he came, Lance threw his arms around Keith's neck and *sobbed*, just once, before kissing him all over, his cheeks, his chin, his nose, his mouth. His mouth again, and again. Keith was thrown because the whole time, Lance was smiling brilliantly.

"Are you... you're okay?"

It took him a while to answer, because he had to finish kissing Keith's entire face. "Yeah. Yeah, that was the best it's ever felt," Lance said. His voice was scratchy, probably from all the screaming and crying he'd been doing. "I love you, Keith. I love you so much." Another kiss.

"You *cried*."

"Boy, if you don't know that happy crying is a thing, someone either needs to surprise you with a trip to Disney world, or, or—apparently—fuck you in the ass." Lance still had tearstains on his cheeks, but he just scrubbed them off with the back of one hand. He hadn't stopped smiling. "We are doing that again, so much."

"Wait, that was happy crying? I thought I was hurting you, I thought—you scared me," Keith said.

Lance kissed him again, gentler this time. "Baby, you'd never hurt me. I wouldn't let you. I value a functioning asshole."

Keith hugged him, couldn't keep himself from laughing. "Okay. Okay, next time I'll try not to have a panic attack if you start crying."

Lance, who had slipped out of Keith's arms and was starting to clean stuff up, looked at him, eyes wide. "Did you—oh my god, Keith, I'm sorry."

"No, not really. I have the ability to exaggerate things sometimes."

Lance got back into bed, and brought the comforter with him, snuggling both of them under it. He was facing Keith, and for once, Keith didn't immediately get out of bed to put clothes on. "Thanks," Lance said, kissing him on the forehead. "That was really, really good. We're doing that again, like a million times, okay?"

Keith pushed some of Lance's hair back into place. "As many times as you want."

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The next morning, Lance dropped him off in front of the Holts' house, leaned all the way out the car window, and yelled, "call me!" like Keith actually used his phone to call people. Lance blew him kisses with both hands, then beeped the horn until Keith caught them.

"How was prom?" asked Colleen, who had come to the door as soon as she heard Lance's car pull up.

Keith had no idea how to answer.

"Uh, fine, I guess."

Author's Note:

HAPPY SEASON 4 TOMORROW. I MIGHT DIE.

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